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"What fools these mortals be."

Puck

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"TIMES HAVE CHANGED."

"The Australian Ballot" tended to injure the Republican vote.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE "IGNORANT AND UNEDUCATED" DEMOCRATS SEEM TO LEARN THE LESSON OF BALLOT REFORM, BUT THE "PARTY OF MORAL IDEAS" MUST GO TO SCHOOL BEFORE IT CAN VOTE.



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS FUNNY—very funny—is it not?—About the Australian Ballot Reform business. It was imported to this country as a first-class Republican novelty, a new and ingenious combination to secure the utter defeat, discouragement and humiliation of the ignorant, uneducated, uncultured Democratic masses. It was going to give us a pure ballot (and therefore strictly a Republican ballot) at the expense of the unlearned mob who would persist, out of sheer unenlightened ignorance, in voting the Democratic ticket. Do you remember how proudly and with what keen enjoyment our Republican friends proclaimed the almost self-evident and wholly undeniable truth that a man who was not fit to earn his vote, was not fit to have a vote—that the man who would not learn to read and write, in order to enjoy the privilege of casting a freeman's ballot, was not fit to possess that estimable treasure? Do you remember it all?

Well, they got their Australian Ballot. They forced it on the Democrats, and the Democrats had to yield or go on shameful record as out-and-out corruptionists. In one form or another, the Australian or secret system of voting has been established in state after state of the Union, until now it may fairly be called the American system of voting. And lo and behold! what happens wherever it is established? Why, those ignorant, besotted, cultureless Democrats proceed to get up night-schools among themselves, and to teach themselves, in their dull, unlettered way to vote according to the new method. They are supposed, of course, not to be able to read or write; but somehow, when Election Day comes around, they all make out to do both sufficiently well to answer all practical purposes. The Australian Ballot System, whether in its most complicated and least satisfactory form, which is that in use in the State of New York, or in its simplest and best form, which is that in use in the State of New Jersey, does not seem to bother them at all. They take to it apparently as kindly and naturally as a duck takes to water; and the more Australian Ballot you give them, the larger is their vote. This may be very sad, and it may be very impudent of the Democrats and it may not be at all what was expected of them by the good, virtuous and cultured Republicans; but it is what they are doing—all the same, and they seem to do it quite as easily and effectively as if they were really intelligent, educated people.

But how fares it with our refined and cultured friends, the Republicans? How do they make out with the introduction of a literary qualification into our scheme of manhood suffrage? Well, if the truth must be told, somehow or other they can't do anything with it. It seems to get between their legs and trip them up and tangle them in its meshes; so that at first they don't vote correctly, and then they don't vote at all. This may be curious and it may be amusing, but it seems to be not only a fact, but a fact which Republican culture does not take the least trouble to deny. Nay, our highly educated friends make nothing of proclaiming the fact as though it redounded to their credit, and was just what was to have been expected from the beginning. Look, for instance at the New York *Tribune's* candid announcement of the latest news from the State of Maine. Such and such, says the *Tribune*, is the outcome of the election, "although" the new Australian Ballot System of voting "is against the Republicans and undoubtedly tended to reduce the Republican vote." Yes, on the whole, we think it is funny about this Australian Ballot business. In fact, we are willing to stake our reputation as a comic periodical on the humor of the situation.

Now that it is all over, and the Quarantine agony is a thing of the past, and the gratitude of the liberated passengers of the "pest ships" floats heavenward in the chaste religious fervor of that popular anthem known as "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" it seems to us that some of the people who were very angry and hot in the mouth a week or two ago might take a day off in which to be just. It is true it would be but tardy justice and of very little value indeed to the victims of the earlier injustice; but still, if a man has been unjust to his fellow-men, and has abused honest people without reason, it is never too late to own up and square himself with his own conscience. It ought to be comparatively easy at this date for the people who used such opprobrious language about Dr. Jenkins,—because he had

not foreseen that a great, financially responsible, and presumably respectable steamship company would break faith with Quarantine authorities,—to admit that had he proposed to buy Fire Island or any similar place, before the cholera outbreak, he would have been treated either as a madman or as a political jobber of the basest sort, and his usefulness forever destroyed. Nor should it be a difficult task to own up frankly that the Normannia's passengers brought most of their troubles upon themselves, by insisting on a transfer which common sense should have told them could not be made without discomfort and perhaps danger. By this time it ought even to be possible for the anguished sufferers who writhed in the dungeon-staterooms of the Normannia and clanked their chains in her smoking-room to confess that they don't know quite as much about running a Quarantine as experienced physicians and a competent Board of Health.

We do not in the least believe that we shall see any shining examples of belated justice. So far, a variety actress who kicks up her heels for a living is the only one of the Normannia's passengers who has had the manhood—yes, that is the word, let it stand—to own that some mean things she said of the health officials were said hastily and foolishly, and were born of anger and not of reason. She has set her fellow-passengers an example, but we do not expect them to follow it. The girl of the stage has had to work for her living, and probably to work hard, in her own way; and she knows that life is not all a bed of roses. But the most of her fellow-passengers are people who are a little too well-to-do for the health of their own characters. They are people who lead very comfortable lives; who are able in almost everything to suit their own tastes and inclinations; who live in a pleasant world of their own which has just as little as possible to do with the world around it. They are people who shirk the burdens and responsibilities of public life, and who think that, so long as they pay their taxes, somehow—they don't know how exactly, but somehow—everything ought to be done for them exactly as they wish it and in the most perfect manner imaginable. In fact they look upon the world outside of their own as a sort of many-headed hotel waiter, who, in consideration of the fee they tip him, ought to give them faultless service, a dinner beyond criticism, a respectful and grateful deference and a cheerful willingness to take a scolding if he can't provide them with an appetite into the bargain.

To these people it is an "outrage" if anything happens to annoy them or to cause them discomfort or inconvenience, or to disarrange their chosen plans of life; or when the wishes or needs of any other class of people are preferred to theirs. "Outrage" is their shibboleth; it is their test word by which you may know them. When they don't like anything, from a mud-puddle to a pestilence, they call it an "outrage;" and their one immediate need is to find somebody whom they may hold responsible for a state of affairs which they can't find adjectives horrible enough to describe. It is a curious thing that when they are angry they indulge in a coarseness of epithet which people of much smaller pretensions to good breeding would hardly permit themselves; and they have no respect for authority and very little for themselves. In fact, they act like what they are—spoiled children. These people were almost servile to Governor Flower because he bought Fire Island for them; but we must not forget that they are the very same people who, a year ago, were abusing him for a pot-house politician, a low vulgarian and an abject and ignorant slave of a corrupt and heaven-knows-what-all Tammany ring. And they would do it again, too, now that they are safe on shore, if they dared to. Even they can see that Governor Flower has endeared himself to the hearts of a great people, and has won their respect and confidence. But we much doubt if they are people who can ever understand the real source of Governor Flower's popularity—the plain common-sense, manly honesty, and simple, single-minded patriotism. It is these qualities that have put Governor Flower where he is in the popular estimation,—and it is exactly these same qualities, far more than the fact of his concurrence in the political ideas of the "better element," that have endeared Grover Cleveland to the great body of his fellow-citizens.

MAKING HIS CALLING AND ELECTION SURE.

FANNING.—Banning was your class mate last year, was n't he?

CHANNING.—Yes.

FANNING.—What induces him to go into politics immediately upon graduation?

CHANNING.—His success at college.

FANNING.—Take the prize in Political Economy?

CHANNING.—No. Cheated on all his examinations.

THE SHOT-GUN POLICY—To Know it's Loaded.



"KEEPING HIS END UP."

THE OLD SETTLE.



IN MY grandfather's attic, so full of quaint things,
There's an old-fashioned settle, uncushioned and
prim.

Its stiffly-etched shadow each morning it flings
On the floor, like the bars of a Puritan hymn.

Beside the great fire-place it stood, long ago,
In the house where my grandmother saintly was
born;

And oft there she sat, in the coals' ruddy glow,
To warm the brown cider and roast the new corn.

And then, by and by, when a lover she had,
And he (as lads will) in the Winter eves came,
How the old folks — God bless them! — would steal off to bed,
And leave the old settle a-blush in the flame!

Then down the great chimney though fierce raged the storm,
And the snow beat the window-panes, icily fine,
They twain, with locked hands and twinn'd pulses, kept warm,
Like two nestling birds in the heart of a pine.

Oh, long, long ago did the sweet dream come true, —
So sweet, and so true, and so brief for us all!
My grandfather's swapped the old settle — would you? —
For a cheap veneered clothes-tree, to stand in the hall.

Paul Pastnor.

EVEN THERE.

On a bright and beautiful morning of eternal Springtime a weary
spirit knocked at the gates of Paradise.

The golden portals swung upon their hinges, and Saint Peter, stand-
ing upon the threshold, gazed upon the anxious face before him, and
inquired:

"What were you in the flesh?"

"I was a book-agent," was the reply.

"I am very sorry," said Saint
Peter; "but this is my busy day."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

JONES. — I heard a song last
night that took me back to my
mother's knee.

ADAMS. — What was
it? "The Patter of the
Shingle?"

AS SECOND CLASS
MATTER.

No matter how much a
paper may pride itself on its
quality, it bows its head and
drops back to second place
when it comes to entering a
post-office.

HOT WETHER — A Lamb
Stew.A NAVE OF HEARTS —
The One Bridal
Procession Marches Up.A SELLING RACE — The
Hebrews.

THE LAZY laundress, as
well as the flannel-shirt,
shrinks from washing.

A FIRE ESCAPE — Insur-
ance.

THE DEER never goes faster than when served as venison.

JORALEMON. — I hear that Pierrepont has become very domestic since
he got married.

FULTON. — Domestic is no name for it! He lives in Brooklyn now;
and when I called to see him last Sunday, he was sitting in the kitchen
working out the puzzles on the children's page of a religious weekly.



A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chap. I.

"Yes, darling, we must part. I go
West to seek my fortune. When I have
found it, I will return and lay it at your
dear feet. Farewell!"



Chap. II.

"He went West. He found his fortune.
But, as he would have had considerable
difficulty in laying it at her 'dear feet' he
never came back. He had married a rich
widow!"



HE WAS SICK.

EMPLOYER. — Mr. Redink, you got off yesterday afternoon
under the plea of being sick; I saw you afterward going to the
races, and you did n't appear to be at all sick.

EMPLOYEE. — You ought to have seen me after the second
race. I was sick enough, then.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

"Come into the cabin," said the captain to the
diver, "and have a drink?"

"Thanks. Guess I will," returned the
diver. "This submarine business is
pretty dry work."

THE PLAGIARIST.

"Some of Penn Dennis's
verses are worthy of Thackeray."

"Yes. Thackeray evidently
thought so himself. He used to
write practically the same things."

PENELOPE. — Jack stole a kiss from
me last night. It made me aw-
fully angry.

HER UNCLE. — I should think it
would. The courts have decided that such a thing is
equivalent to a blow.

PENELOPE. — I know it — so I turned the
other cheek.



"FAST BLACK."

WHEN ONE comes to think of it,
Messer Dante Alighieri is
about the only man on earth
who succeeded in giving his
enemies such a roasting as
they deserved.

THE EARLY bird catches
the worm; but he finds
it is a tremendously long
wait until dinner time.

"MAMA," said Georgie,
who is just begin-
ning to wrestle with figures;
"how do you write thirty-
three? Now I can make the
three; but how do you put
down the thirt?"

TO THE love-sick Sum-
mer-girl, half a man is
better than none at all.

A FISH HORN — Cod
Liver Oil.



(Began in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

STORY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER'S THIRD UNCLE.



ABOUT THE time that Mendham was located in the distance by the historical Presbyterian Church steeple, the conversation seemed to flag, and the Millionaire of Pea Pack made some remark to the Conscientious Plumber relative to his Third Uncle, which had the desired effect of causing the story-teller to proceed with the history of his avuncular relative, without further ado.

"My Third Uncle was a man of most singular character. If you were to travel the world over in search of an eccentric individual it is not at all likely that you would succeed in finding one that would, in any respect, match my Tertiary Uncle. I am really at a loss to know how to begin his history; that is, enough of his history to give you a general idea of him. Perhaps it would be a good beginning to say that, although he was not wealthy, he was philanthropic."

"It requires a rich man to be really philanthropic," interrupted the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"I know it," coincided the Conscientious Plumber. "A poor man may be philanthropic, to be sure, in spirit; but that is a cheap kind of philanthropy that comes within the reach of all. Philanthropy is generally two things at once, namely, a love of popular applause and an atonement for some misdemeanor."

"Such, for instance," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack, laughing, "as robbing people all one's life, and, when rolling in affluence and becalmed on the shores of age, to endow a non-sectarian hospital with about three per cent. of the proceeds of one's peculations?"

"Precisely," laughed the Conscientious Plumber; "precisely; but my Uncle was not that kind of a philanthropist. In his various charities he endeavored more to assist and benefit his fellow-man than to become simply an object of imbecilic idolatry in his neighborhood, through a generous or humane action. It was a firm conviction of his that many an unfortunate could be reclaimed only through the influence of intellectual refinement."

"At one time he endeavored to enlist the sympathies of a number of people well-known for their charitable proclivities in a movement to raise the inmates of the various states' prisons to such a plane of refinement as would point out to them their moral responsibilities so clearly that they would at once be seized with a yearning ambition so to live that they would be sure to enjoy the respect of their neighbors far and near."

"His plan was to decorate the states' prisons with paintings and sculptures, and the rarest works of literature, and to have competent instructors to deliver courses of lectures upon art. The prisoners were to have the merits of the paintings and sculptures explained to them in detail, and, when sufficiently advanced, were to undergo a regular course of instruction to enable them to master the technicalities."

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"It would be as consistent to put a convict at modelling in clay as to assign him to the task of crushing stones; and the paintings of these unfortunates, when disposed of in a regular academy, would yield the state a handsomer pecuniary return than it could derive from their services in shop and quarry. The convicts would thus be making reputations through which they could earn a livelihood upon their release; and, through the refinement of thought which is inseparable from a knowledge and understanding of art, he considered it but fair to assume that they would never again prosecute the practice of that profession which had been instrumental in placing them behind the bars."

"He argued that the states' prisons would then become seats of learning, and that in a brief parcel of years there would be no thieves or criminals of any kind or description; so that the penitentiary would, as a penitentiary, become an institution of the past, with a fair possibility of its being developed into an academy of fine arts. It amuses me, and almost provokes my honest laughter, when I think of my Uncle endeavoring to establish so strange a system for the salvation of the convict. Think of marching those hardened criminals into a hall to listen to a piano recital, and then to take them into the open air to sketch from Nature, in order to make them better members of society!"

Here the Conscientious Plumber could not refrain from laughing heartily at what he considered an unparalleled absurdity. And when the Millionaire of Pea Pack's features had resumed their normal condition of tranquility, he playfully asked:

"Did your Uncle succeed in interesting capital in his project?"

"As a matter of fact he did not; but he was laughed at and playfully ridiculed by every one to whom he went for a subscription," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "and this so exasperated him that he denounced all wealthy people for their lack of interest in the unfortunate and down-trodden."

"As I remarked, when I commenced my rambling history of Uncle Jotham, he was a very eccentric individual, and one of his greatest eccentricities was the way in which he would tire of one pursuit and embrace another of a totally different character. But whatever he did had a basis of philanthropy in it. When he went into the business of raising fancy poultry, he sent the eggs, with his compliments, to an orphan asylum near by. When he was doing a thriving business in raising fowls, he suddenly abandoned this useful field because he was weary of it, and became a skunk farmer. All Hunterdon County laughed when he began to make the underground nests for these unpleasant rodents. He was given about three weeks to tire of this mode of occupying his time; but he surprised every one by continuing in it for over a year. He made it pay handsomely, and gave all the money realized through it to St. Matthew's Home for Decayed and Impecunious Females. But he at last wearied of the skunk farm, even when the pelts were fetching the highest possible price."

"Of course," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "it was impossible for your Uncle to take a continuous interest in a business of any kind when he was distributing the receipts from the same in charity. It was simply a question of how long the business would continue to remain a novelty and a pastime. I have heard of a number of men having gone into skunk culture, and realizing handsome returns, because of the prices offered; those prices being of course governed by the fact that that line of industry was not overcrowded. Therefore, I think, it would be unfair to conclude that your Uncle Jotham was at all flighty in disposition. What do you think, Julia?"

"I quite agree with you," replied the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

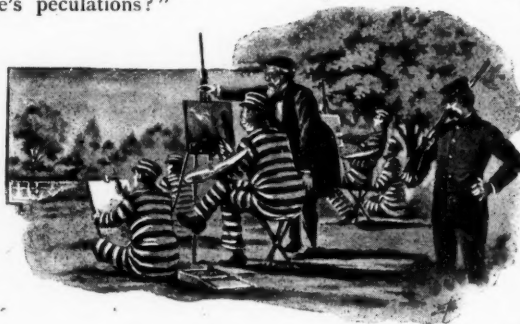
"And I," broke in the beautiful Anita, radiant with smiles, "should not think any man flighty for abandoning such pursuits as those you speak of."

"He was in every way capable of better things," said the Conscientious Plumber, with just a touch of feeling at hearing even so slight a reflection upon the character of his

Third Uncle; "and fully to convince you of the truth of what I say I will simply remark that he next became a literary man. You must, of course, realize that the chasm between skunk farming and literature is very wide and deep; and, in realizing this, you must be well aware that Uncle Jotham was a man of varied accomplishments and broad limitations."

"He must have been a wonder!" said the Millionaire of Pea Pack. in a tone that mingled surprise with admiration; "what was he, a serious writer or a humorist?"

"I don't know exactly by what title Uncle Jotham should be known, owing to the fact that he had the faculty of writing an article that he could sell for either a humorous or a serious composition."



"That sounds paradoxical," interrupted Anita, when the Conscientious Plumber paused to bruise the head of the mosquito that had just alighted upon his nose. "Will you kindly explain how an article can, at the same time, be serious and comic?"

"With pleasure," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "at least I will tell you how Uncle Jotham's articles were both humorous and serious. You see he wrote for the comic weeklies as well as such papers as *The Cottage Ingle* and *The Literary Album*. The latter papers were sold only in the rural districts, and had large circulations, because they offered many premiums, such as jack knives, dictionaries, shotguns, grand



pianos, etc. Now, you see, Uncle Jotham had the faculty of writing of life in such a way that the very thing that made the readers of the comic paper laugh caused the regular subscribers of the *Literary Album* to weep. Of course, the readers of the latter preferred stories that were well supplied with pirates, baronets and lost wills; and when he gave them such a story they read it eagerly and with undisguised delight. But the readers of the comic paper would regard this kind of story as a burlesque upon that genus of literature which is best known by the name of blood-and-thunder. When the comic paper was stocked with his matter, he would send his efforts to the *Literary Album*, and vice versa.

"After he had been writing these sketches for several years, he gathered them, and they were brought out in book form. The book was sold in something like fifty editions, from one end of the country to the other. It was through the sale of this book that he first won national fame as a humorist and a serious writer. Of course, his works were never intended by him to be considered as anything but comic efforts. Some of his finest flights I can only remember by their titles. There was a touching bit of word-painting in '*The Dying Apple Woman*,' and nothing could be more pathetic than one of his ballads, which had for a heart-rending refrain, '*They Made Watch Chains of Mother's Hair!*' To be sure, he did not confine himself to the dark side of life. He was often gay and sparkling, especially in such a masterpiece of domestic drollery as, '*There's no Nightmare in Aunt's Pies*.' And he was equally philosophical in his ever delightful '*Verbum Sapio*.'"

The Millionaire of Pea Pack commenced to laugh immoderately, and he was joined by his wife and daughter, who, like himself, had a lively appreciation of humor. They were now returning to Pea Pack, and the West was glowing a rich orange, which would have suggested Venice to a poet and an endless vista of Spanish omelettes to a gourmet. The charm of the scene was such as to throw them into a reverie. Leagues and leagues of silence, only ruffled now and then by a bird note falling through the twilight's misty folds, or a brook rippling and lispings in the calm, like a wind-stirred tree.

"How did your Third Uncle happen to have the talent to become a writer at the moment he was seized with an ambition to write? Most lines of work have to be entered into in a very small and humble way, and gradually developed. I think your Uncle must have been a singularly talented man, to have been able to write successfully at the moment his fancy led him in that direction."

"He was naturally very bright," continued the Conscientious Plumber; "and I forgot to state that when quite a young man he became a reporter on a New York paper, with a view to broadening his ideas, and of familiarizing himself with the ground-work of story-writing."

"He must have had some novel experiences," said the Millionaire of

Pea Pack, in an endeavor to lead the Conscientious Plumber to relate some interesting experience of his relative.

"Indeed he had, for he was connected with a pretty lively paper. One of the peculiarities of this paper was its rate of payment. It allowed, if my memory serves me, four dollars per column for New Jersey news, and eight dollars per column for all reports of New York happenings. To account for such a condition of things does not come within the pale of my philosophy, and I will therefore not attempt an explanation. I will simply say, I can not see why New Jersey news should not have the market value of New York news, and continue by stating that my Uncle confined his operations to New York as much as possible, though not naturally of an avaricious turn. Yet he was frequently sent into the jungles of New Jersey on assignment work.

"One day, when he was returning from Franklin Furnace, whither he had been dispatched to write the history of a dog that had fallen down a shaft and had lived for ten days without so much as a biscuit, he came upon a lone widower in Hoboken, who revealed to my Uncle, after the latter had bestowed an Egyptian cigarette upon him, the melancholy fact that he was without friends, funds or employment, and that he had decided upon the dire alternative of committing suicide.

"Are you determined?" asked my Uncle, who had great commercial foresight.

"I am," replied the wretch.

"I am a newspaper reporter," replied my Uncle, "and if you commit suicide here it will yield me but four dollars per column; if you take your life in New York, it will yield me as much again. In this world we should all be brothers, and seek to assist each other, and strew roses in each other's paths. Now, I have a proposition to make: if you will come with me to New York to kill yourself, I will invite you to have a good dinner with me."

"The friendless individual, either nonplussed at my Uncle's impertinent audacity in interfering with any arrangements he might have made relative to the commission of the horrible crime determined upon, or amused by the grim humor of the situation, actually accepted the invitation to dinner. My Uncle thereupon took him to New York, and regaled him with a seventy-five-cent table-d'hôte dinner; and, after the coffee and cigars, took his pencil and paper from his pocket, and called upon his guest to perform his part of the agreement then and there."

"Did he do it?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"He did not; he was so changed in body and spirit by the sumptuous meal, that he became very cheerful and optimistic. He thanked my Uncle for his kindness, and for his consistency in practicing that which he had so eloquently preached in assisting a weary brother, and seeking to strew his path with roses. He fell weeping upon his neck, called him his preserver, and said he would seek employment on the morrow."

"And what did your Uncle do?" asked the fair Anita.

"Being a man of ready professional wit, he immediately set to work and put the episode into ballad form, and sold it to the comic department of a popular monthly for ten dollars. You will thus see that it cost my Uncle less than two dollars to purchase two dinners and save one life, and find the material for a poem that yielded him ten dollars, and proved the corner-stone of a national reputation."

By this time they were in Pea Pack; and, while the tocsin sounded, the Millionaire said he would forego his solitaire and dominos that

night if the Conscientious Plumber would agree to tell him of the adventures of his Fourth Uncle.

The Conscientious Plumber said he would.

(To be continued.)



FORTUNATE REVERSES.

A kindly fate his cause espouses
To whom reverses bring no shocks,
Who, building now a block of houses,
In childhood built a house of blocks.

John Ludlow.

MRS. DE SEVE. — My dear, you should be thinking of marriage now. I was married at your age.

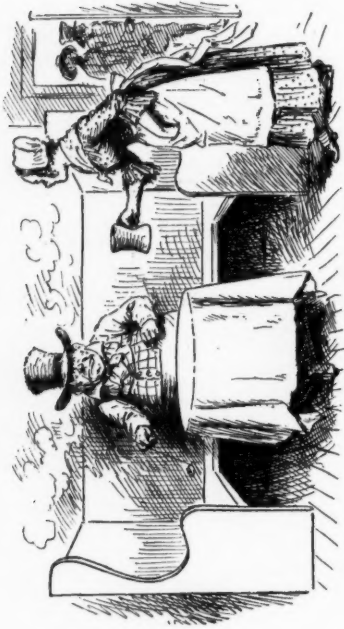
MISS LA CONIC. — True; but give me time. Mama tells me that you were at my age for fully five years.

INCONSISTENT.

"I hate a jealous man!" she said;
And when he learned to treat, instead,
Her follies with indulgent air,
She cried, because "he did n't care!"

Harry Romaine.

GOODMAN GOBBINS AND THE WAYFARERS.



GOODMAN GOBBINS, after a hard day's work, repairs to his favorite spot at the "Blue Lion" and orders something refreshing.



Noticing the presence of THE WAYFARERS, he invites them to be seated.



He proceeds to warn the first of THE WAYFARERS against idleness and wandering habits.

A RATTLING GOOD FAMILY.

Miss Gladys Upton, of Boston, has recently been visiting her old uncle, Job Medderland, for the first time since she was a young thing; and the first morning after she got to the old farm-house, good, hospitable old Uncle Medderland remarked:

"Now, Niece, I jest want you to have a good time all the while you're here. We ain't got many young folks round; but there's Sally Wheatly jest across the lots on t' other road. You an' her's jest 'bout of an age, an' I'll warrant you'll git to be jolly good friends."

"Ah, yes?" remarked Miss Upton, in her prim Boston way. "This Miss — eh — Wheatly, whom you say will prove a pleasant acquaintance for me during my stay here; does she come of a good family?"

"Why, yes," responded Uncle Medderland, with a sort of puzzled expression on his face; "yes, yes — I b'lieve she did, now you speak of it. Let me see, old man Wheatly had three boys an' three gals by his fust wife, an' six boys an' four gals by his second wife; an' he's jest married ag'in. Yes — yes; for these days that's a purty good family."

Charles Newton Hood.

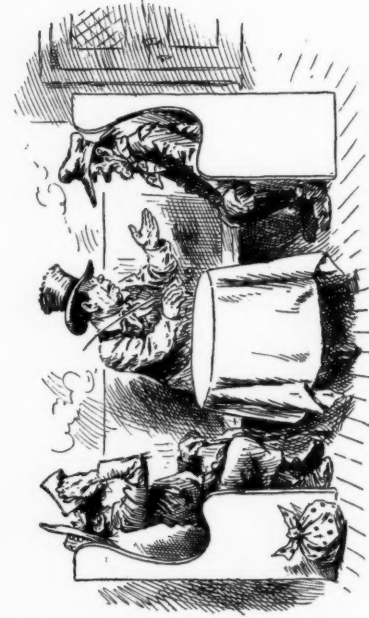
AN EASY RUDIMENT.

LENA LOTOS. — Oh, he can waltz well enough! But he's too bashful to put his arm around a girl's waist.

JACK LEVER. — What nonsense! I learned how to put my arm around a girl's waist long before I learned how to dance.



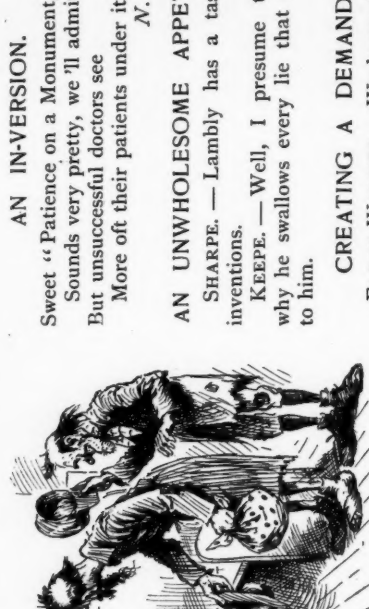
"A MAN EATING SHARK."



He then admonishes the second of THE WAYFARERS, and counsels him to avoid intemperance and an irregular life.



THE WAYFARERS warmly thank him for his kind advice, and depart.



AN IN-VERSION.

Sweet "Patience on a Monument,"
Sounds very pretty, we'll admit,—
But unsuccessful doctors see
More oft their patients under it.
N. W.

AN UNWHOLESOME APPETITE.

SHARPE. — Lambly has a taste for inventions.
KREEPE. — Well, I presume that is why he swallows every lie that is told to him.

CREATING A DEMAND.

FLOOR WALKER. — We have n't been doing much business in dress goods lately.
MERCHANT. — No. I guess we had better advertise a sacrifice sale soon.

FLOOR WALKER. — In dress goods?
MERCHANT. — No. In something that will make the women tear dresses and buy new ones.

AFFECTED HIS TEMPER.

MRS. LOUIS KANZ. — Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?

MRS. RUFUS BAIRD. — I would n't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.

A THREAT.

"I hear bandits are holding your boy Peter for ransom."

"No," returned the banker. "They threaten to send him back if I don't pay. I shall pay."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

JACK. — Many a happy marriage has been spoiled by money.

TOM. — Yes; it spoiled mine. She refused me because I did n't have enough.



"A MUSICAL FACE."



IN KENTUCKY.

YOUTH (*eloping with the girl of his heart.*)—Judge, we would like you to join us.

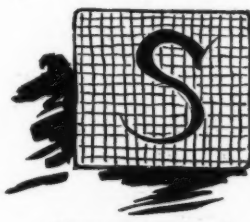
THE JUDGE.—Thanks, I don't know who you are; but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be he friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute.

BOOMERVILLE had two newspapers, one bank, three dry-goods stores, two groceries and ten liquor stores, together with about one thousand dwellings, two hours after the reservation was thrown open by the Government.—ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH.

THE RISE OF WILLIAM JONES.

A PLAY OF OKLAHOMA LIFE IN 3 ACTS.

ACT I.



SCENE.—Office of Messrs. Swellup & Bust, at Boomerville. Time: 8 A. M. Enter WILLIAM JONES, who has seen the firm's advertisement in the DAILY BOOMERANG for an office-boy.

W. JONES.—Have come to apply for the position of office-boy.

SWELLUP.—How old are you?

W. JONES.—Sixteen.

SWELLUP.—Read, write and spell, and good at figures?

W. JONES.—Yes, sir.

SWELLUP.—All right; you are engaged at five dollars per hour.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Same as Act I. Time: 12 M. Same day.

SWELLUP (*calling*).—William, will you step this way, please? (*Enter WILLIAM.*)

WILLIAM.—I believe you wished to speak with me, Mr. Swellup, did you not?

SWELLUP.—Yes. Mr. Bust and I have noticed for a long time past with what faithfulness you have discharged the duties of your office, so that we have decided to make you our General Manager, with salary of twenty-five dollars a minute.

WILLIAM.—I thank you, Mr. Swellup, for this recognition of my services, and shall do my best to merit the confidence you have placed in me in advancing me to the position of General Manager.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Same as Act II. Time: 6 P. M. Same day.

SWELLUP.—Mr. Jones, allow me to congratulate you upon the success that has attended you as General Manager of our house. Business has

increased so rapidly with us that I am pleased to offer you a third interest in the business, to take effect immediately. Please step into the Counting Room, where Mr. Bust is counting out your share of the profits which have accumulated while we have been talking.

CURTAIN.

A. H. Ellard.

HIS MARK.

WARD HEALEY.—An' yer want to make yer cross again' de names ye 're votin' fer. See?

MICKY HALLIGAN.—No, I don't. Sure, I don't have to make no cross. I was eddicated, I was, an' I kin write me name wid anny wan of 'em!

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND.—What's this, dear?

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND.—Ice water.

"Ice water! Why, it's hot!"

"I know it, and it seems strange, too, for I only followed the directions of that French doctor who said that the only sure preventive against the cholera was to boil the ice."

AT A HOUSEWARMING.

MRS. CRITICAL.—Carved woods and metal ornaments—such a lot of fret-work!

MRS. LEITERAL.—Yes, indeed; it's the most worritsome job to clean 'em!

A DANGEROUS MAN.

"You had bad luck with that duffer, did n't you?" asked one bunco-steerer of another.

"Yes. He stole twenty dollars from me."

"Who was he?"

"He's a Chicago World's Fair promoter."



A FREE SUBJECT.

BAGGS (*to recent settler*).—What political party do you belong to, my friend?

O'TOOLE.—Belong to, is it? Phat's the objec' of belongin' to ayther wan? Ye can't sell when they owns you.

"AMERICAN TIN."

(*Very Scarce.*)

A REAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER.

DICKERSON.—I don't go much on the campaign cry of "turn the rascals out."

NICKERSON.—Why not?

DICKERSON.—If the truth were known, I suppose I am as good as engaged to a Connecticut post-mistress.

A WARD HEALER.—The Hospital Doctor.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH—Herrman's.

A MIGHTY LEFT—Sullivan.



BACK TO THE BARGAIN COUNTER.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

THE REPUBLIC
IT IS A PLEASANT PROGRESS FOR THE PROTECTED MONOPOLY



REPUBLICAN GALLEY.
D MONOPOLY BUT THE HARD-WORKING PEOPLE HAVE TO SWEAT FOR IT.



AN EXCUSABLE MISTAKE.

STRANGER.—Is your boss around?

RECUMBENT FIGURE.—I own this place.

STRANGER.—Oh, excuse me! From the way you were taking it easy, I thought you were the hired man.

HE COULD HOLD THEM THEN.

DUFFER.—Does Muffer play ball?

STUFFER.—No—they have n't got to making balls with handles, yet.

AN INEXORABLE EXCEPTION.

The heart, relenting, still is prone to smother
 The angry feelings which arise 'twixt men;
 But when balloonists fall out with each other,
 They seldom speak again.

Ludlow.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

BLACK N. WHITE.—Do you know what that picture represents?

JOHNNY WHITE.—Yes. An artist.

BLACK N. WHITE.—An artist! What makes you think that?

JOHNNY WHITE.—Don't you see what trouble he has to keep the wolf from the door?

PUELLA ÆSTIVALIS.

THROUGH various kinds of Summer weather —
 Hot, humid, cold and dry —
 We walked and sailed and swam together,
 My Summer girl and I.

Ah me! It was a pleasant season;
 But I did not regret
 When Autumn came — for this good reason
 That Summer's with me yet.

For Summer sunfishine round her hovers
 Through Winter's frost and snow,
 And I — "cut out" a score of lovers,
 And won her, years ago!

Dick Law.

WHEN SOCIALISM has given us an even divide of all the good things of the world, no man will be contented except the fellow who could n't possibly have raised anything in any other way.

MARRIAGE is n't so much a failure as it is a sort of compromise on both sides.

MR. CORKSCREW.
 —Well, Wife, have you found out the name of our new neighbors yet?

MRS. CORKSCREW.
 —Yes, and it's the queerest I ever heard; I said to Mrs. Next-door that they seemed to have a raft of children, and she said yes, their name was Legion.

ENGLISH TOURIST
(reaching the Adirondacks after a week in New York).
 —And, now, we must be in North America, are we not?

THE SERVANT-GIRL
 PROBLEM — Why they should be called domestics, when they are always going out nights?

WOMEN HATE to soil their clothes, and the girl with a trim foot is extra careful at a muddy crossing.

S. PORT.—Are you playin' de races?
 F. AKER.—Naw! I'm workin' 'em.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

MRS. KETCHON.—I'll wager you what you like, the bride will wear the breeches.

KETCHON.—I should n't wonder; I noticed she had on suspenders.

HE DID.

TAPELY.—You are an orphan?

MISS SOMERGURL.—Yes.

TAPELY (*much disturbed*).—Well, whose consent must I ask, in order to marry you?

MISS SOMERGURL.—Well, you might ask mine.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

LILYVALLEY.—Vere vash Moses ven der light vent oudt?

MORNINGRED.—Vell, ouf you mean Moses Kerrosinski, he vas oudt pack, svearin' like der tuyfel at dem vire gompnies!



DIVIDING HER PATRONAGE.

DRUGGIST (*to Mrs. POSTEDGE, who never buys anything but stamps*).—Don't you ever use drugs?

MRS. POSTEDGE.—Oh, yes! But I like to divide my patronage. I buy my stamps of you, and my drugs of Dr. Pessels, across the Avenue.



"THE SILENT WATCH."

THE ART STUDENT IN NEW YORK.

SHE MAY be a Western girl, a Southerner, or a Down-Easter, but a "term" in New York transforms her into an *Art Student*.

She begins her career under the wing of "one of Mama's old friends;" but in less than a month decides that it is "too far," and forthwith moves into a boarding-house, where her troubles begin.

The six-by-four apartment compares unfavorably with her former cozy quarters; but, with a triumphant smile, she dreams of the future, when, her fame on every tongue, people will come to gaze with awe on the four walls that now enclose her. The second night is warm; she is

obliged to leave the skylight open, and wakes at midnight, to see a constellation of fiery eyes winking at her; the bed-clothes furnish a safe retreat until morning, when she moves down to the next floor. Cats? No, indeed! and nothing can convince her that they were not six bull's-eye lanterns, carried by as many ferocious burglars on the roof.

Her new room is a refrigerator-like box, though the landlady solemnly assures her that a lady lived in it five years, and really suffered from the heat, — having to open the window when the gas jet was burning.

All this time she is studying *Art* — and many other branches — at the school.

"You must never work when not in the mood for it," is an unwritten law among the students; and as moments of inspiration are scarce, when one is drawing skinny-looking hands and feet, there is time for intellectual conversations regarding religion, politics, and the merits of the respective teachers. It

is usually the fault of teachers that pupils in the preparatory are not in the life classes — and our student recalls with regret how talented she was considered at Chickbristle, and wonders how it is that New York is said to be the Art Center of the United States. It is a great satisfaction to attend the exhibitions and to criticise the work of her master; and so well does her art "patter" impose on the credulous public, that several galleries have closed their doors on her and her fellow students, claiming that they spoil the sale of pictures.



A HORRIBLE THREAT.

BOSTON MOTHER.—Now, Emerson, if you are not a good boy whilst I am perambulating, you shall not practice your logarithms and trigonometry this evening, nor will you be allowed to read your Browning or your Ibsen for a week.



A CASE OF NECESSITY.

DOCTOR (handing receipted bill).—Now, you will be a perfectly well man if you can be persuaded to diet yourself for a couple of weeks.

PATIENT (as he pays over his last dollar).—Persuaded to diet myself! Lord, doctor, I'll have to!

Her boarding-house becoming unbearable, she takes unto herself two "flat-mates," and they settle in two rooms, the chief features of which are the stationary laundry tubs and a fire-escape. One tub makes a lovely hat box, another a portfolio for sketches, while the third is used as a bath. The fire-escape serves as a refrigerator; but, on the first trial, a high wind proves disastrous to the larder, and the owners are grieved to find their butter and pickles adorning the fence below.

The sitting-room is furnished with cots that form luxurious divans by day; a table, a hammock, and one chair — reserved for company, as its constitution is weakly.

The dining-hall is in the region of the tubs, and the menu would delight an ostrich or a Harlem Billy-goat. They enthusiastically declare that housekeeping is "so much cheaper than boarding!" and it may be so, when three-quarters of their supplies are sent from home by fond mothers.

A sketch class is organized and holds weekly meetings on the roof, where the members make splashy water-colors of neighboring chimney pots and steeples, which they sell, at a high price, to their fathers.

So our student gets through her first year of what she fondly calls "Art" and "Bohemianism;" and though she may study many more years, and perhaps finally develop into an artist, the probabilities are that she will retire to the ranks of private life and make some man happy.



"SCRATCHED AT THE POST."

One of Them.

A NEW JERSEY real-estate dealer advertises very superior hand-painted houses.

ARISTOCRATIC MANNERS don't help a counter-jumper much. Blueness is all right in blood, but it is no good in milk.

MANGLED REMAINS.—The Part of your Shirt that comes Back from the Steam-laundry.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warehouses: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL., Cor. Wabash Ave. & Jackson St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 308 to 314 Post Street.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.

We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Cleaning Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. Mention PUCK. 134

ROKER'S BITTERS.

The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

SIX LITTLE TAILORS



are making Double Breasted Coats and Vests to order, \$15, in homespun, Cheviots and neat silk mixtures, which is the latest style.

Trousers in London Stripes, to order, \$5.00.

Overcoats to order, \$15.00, in large varieties.

"TAKE NOTICE!" Cloth sold by the yard, all shrunk and ready for use. Samples and self-measurement guide sent on application free of charge.

JACOBS BROTHERS,

229 Broadway, opp. P. O.

152 & 154 Bowery, cor. Broome St.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$5.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

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125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

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and Rules adopted by the American Whist League, 1892, with Duplicate Whist Rules. Send two-cent stamp to the Duplicate Whist Manufacturers,
IHLLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ARE YOU DEAF?

DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR?

THE AURAPHONE will surely help you if you do. It is a new scientific invention which will restore the hearing of any one not born deaf. When in the ear it is invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort in wearing. It is to the ear what the glasses are to the eye, an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars.

THE AURAPHONE COMPANY,
300 & 302 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WATCH

POCKET \$1.00
LAMP.

Exact watch size. Nickel-Plated and Engraved. Strong & durable. 1000 LIGHTS. 1,000 extra lights, 10c.

Sent upon receipt of price. A boon to every body.



MANUFACTURED BY
FOLMER & SCHWING M'FG CO.,
391 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
For sale by the trade.

MISS FUSSANFEATHER.—My banjo is company enough for me.

MR. GOODE.—I see you like to pick your company.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry Champagne into this country from January 1, 1892, to September 1, 1892, amounts to 42,255 cases, being 3,922 cases more than of any other brand. These figures speak volumes for the popularity of this famous wine.

WHEN a man measures his neighbor he uses the best man he knows for the standard; when he measures himself he uses the worst.—*Ex.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

No. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

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ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
will in future for the United States
be covered with

A Tasteless and Soluble Coating,
completely disguising the taste of
the Pill without in any way impairing
its efficacy.

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New York Depot, 365 Canal Street.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more economical,
costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.
30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

WHIST PLAYERS

Send for free copy of "Whist,"
the great Whist Monthly.
Whist Pub. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor.

AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (new—exquisite—fascinating) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

There will be music in the air during the Presidential campaign, and the demand for bands and drum corps will be great. We supply United States Army and Navy with



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What is good enough for Uncle Sam should be good enough for you.

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Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

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Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

A good opportunity is seldom met in a beaten track.—*Ex.*

SAVE COAL

Buy of your grocer a 25-cent package of Kem-Kom—dissolve it in water—a minute's stirring does it—sprinkle your coal in the bin—your coal gains 25 per cent. or more—there's no coal



as—no clinkers—little smoke and soot—quick, hot fires—absolutely harmless—If your grocer hasn't it, send name of grocer and six 2-cent stamps—we will send you trial package.

Standard Coal & Fuel Co., 142 Devonshire Street, Boston.



POZZONI'S Complexion Powder

Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and Pozzoni's Complexion Powder has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

For Sale Everywhere.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TINS.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA, 1917



HEALTHFUL LOVE

Exhilarated happiness—love of vigorous heart not of morbid liver—when they're married they'll amount to something.

Finest cycling catalogue free at Columbia agencies, by mail for two 2-ct. stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago.

The publishers of PUCK have brought out a special number called the "Tariff Reform Extra," which is not only entirely devoted to reading and pictorial matter, all advertisements being omitted, but which furthermore devotes all of its space to the question of the Tariff, treating the subject in a way at once most wise and most diverting.
—Boston Courier.

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef
THE STANDARD OF PURITY,
FLAVOR AND WHOLESOMENESS.
Genuine only with
Justus von Liebig's
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Bull Durham
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Has been popular with smokers everywhere for over twenty-five years.

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and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live. The ceremony will be performed for 50 cents or more by any first-class furnisher.

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Is unquestionably
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Established 1836.

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The First Analysts
in the World
pronounce it
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.

FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Factory, 406 & 408 E. 50th St., New York.

SOME people's idea of being religious is to eat cold dinners on Sunday.—*Atchison Globe.*

IN THE race of life, it is n't the fast men who come out ahead.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sickness Among Children,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

BEATTY Piano. Organ. \$28 up. Want agents.
Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J. 518

BEECHAM'S PILLS sell well because they cure.

AYER'S PILLS

cure
constipation,
dyspepsia, jaundice,
sick headache.

THE BEST

remedy for
all disorders of
the stomach, liver,
and bowels.

Every Dose Effective

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.

MRS. JIMSON.—My dear, we must go to the seaside, and the mountains and the springs.

MR. JIMSON.—We are comfortable enough here at home.

MRS. JIMSON.—Yes, we are now; but you men are so short-sighted. Just think how uncomfortable we will be in the Fall when people come back and begin to tell where they've been.—*New York Weekly.*

THE FEAR.

"My son," said the old gentleman, "when you fall in love, do not be afraid to confess it to the object of your affection."

"That's all right," replied the youth; "but nowadays the girls rather have you write it."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

ONE thing can be said in favor of Nancy Hanks — if she is fast, she does n't appear on the street with her brother's suspenders on.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

King of Kameras.

This new folding Kodak has the Barker Shutter, automatic counter on roll holder, and glass plate attachment.

\$55 and \$65.

THE "Daylight."

This novel Kodak has a capacity of 24 exposures and can be loaded any where at any time. No dark room necessary.

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KODAK

Ordinary.

New series of cheap Kodaks accurately made and capable of doing good work.

Just the camera for the children.

\$6.00 to \$15.00

14 Styles and Sizes for 1892.

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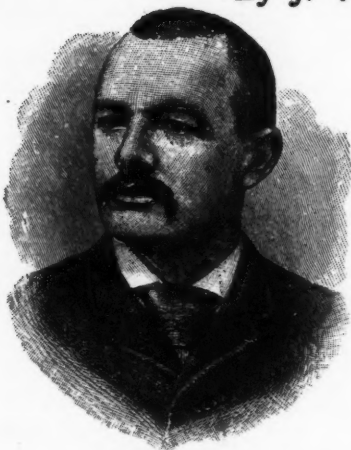
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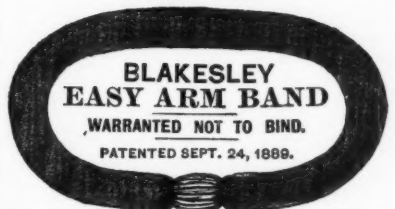
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If the orator is
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not refer to the
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as a sign painter?
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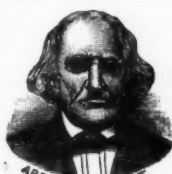
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amused, so wittily are they conceived and so
cleverly are they drawn.—*Home Journal*, N. Y.

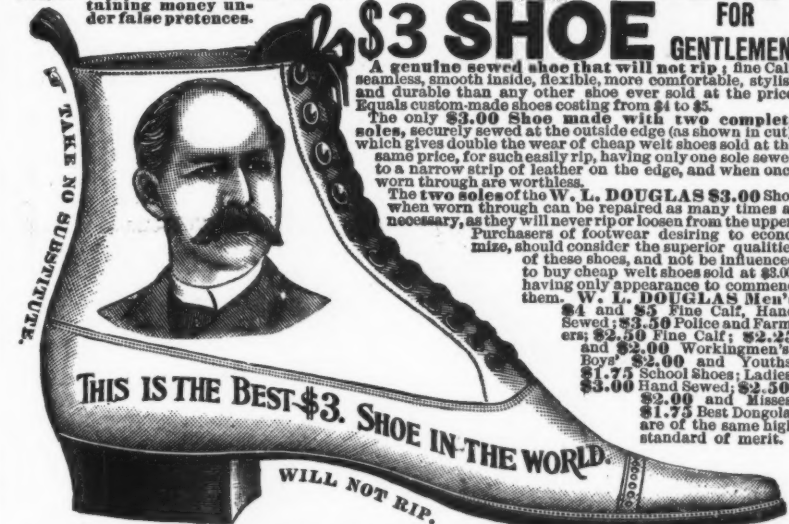
THERE has been
a great deal of talk
about a national
flower, but just now
it would seem that
the Governor of
New York fills the
bill.—*Exchange*.

IN India cats sometimes have the cholera.
Thus do the most terrible visitations prove bless-
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Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without
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SEALSKIN sacques will soon cover a multitude
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Such substitutions are fraudulent and
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Some Caramels, dear Susie?"
But she replied, "No, none of that;
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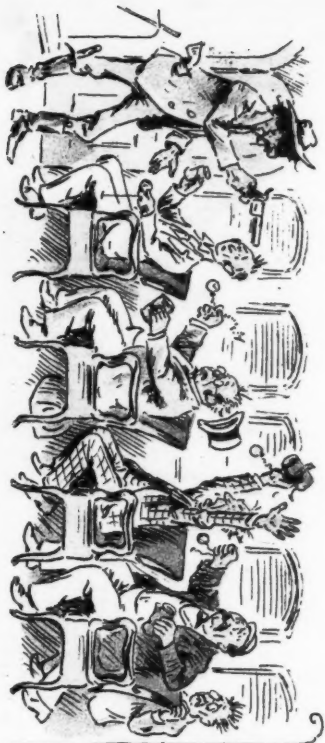
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A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine Calf,
seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish
and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price.
Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.
The only \$3.00 shoe made with two complete
soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut),
which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the
same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed
to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once
worn through are worthless.
The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 shoe
when worn through can be repaired as many times as
necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.
Purchasers of footwear desiring to econom-
ize, should consider the superior qualities
of these shoes, and not be influenced
to buy cheap welt shoes sold at \$3.00,
having only appearance to commend
them. W. L. DOUGLAS Men's
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and \$2.00 Workmen's;
Boys' \$2.00 and Youths'
\$1.75 School Shoes; Ladies'
\$3.00 Hand Sewed; \$2.50,
\$2.00 and Misses'
\$1.75 Best Dongola,
are of the same high
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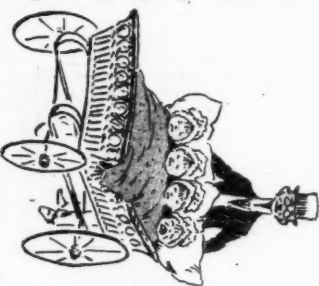
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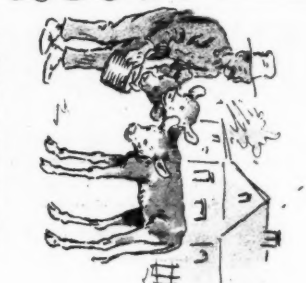
Mr. Jabez Diggen has unearthed the skeleton of some prehistoric animal on his farm. He will send it to the World's Fair. — *Crossroads Banner.*



Mr. John W. Rogers is the proud father of madcapness. He intends to exhibit them at the World's Fair. — *Swallowtail Tumbler.*



Our talented fellow-townsmen, Mr. Bartholdi Chizzle is carving a statue of Columbus out of a basswood log, for the World's Fair. — *Back County Bellows.*



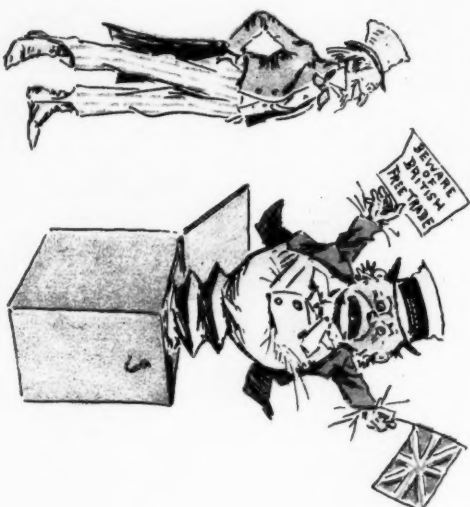
Mr. Elijah Freakman's three-headed calf is doing well — he expects to make a sensation with it at the World's Fair. — *Sampeville Herald.*



THE CROP OF HARD-UP FOREIGN NOBLEMEN WHO PAID TO CATCH AMERICAN HERESSES IS UNCOMMONLY LARGE THIS SEASON.



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